VISIT…

HELLRAISER™ NIGHTBREED™

JIHAD™

"from the worlds of Clive Barker"

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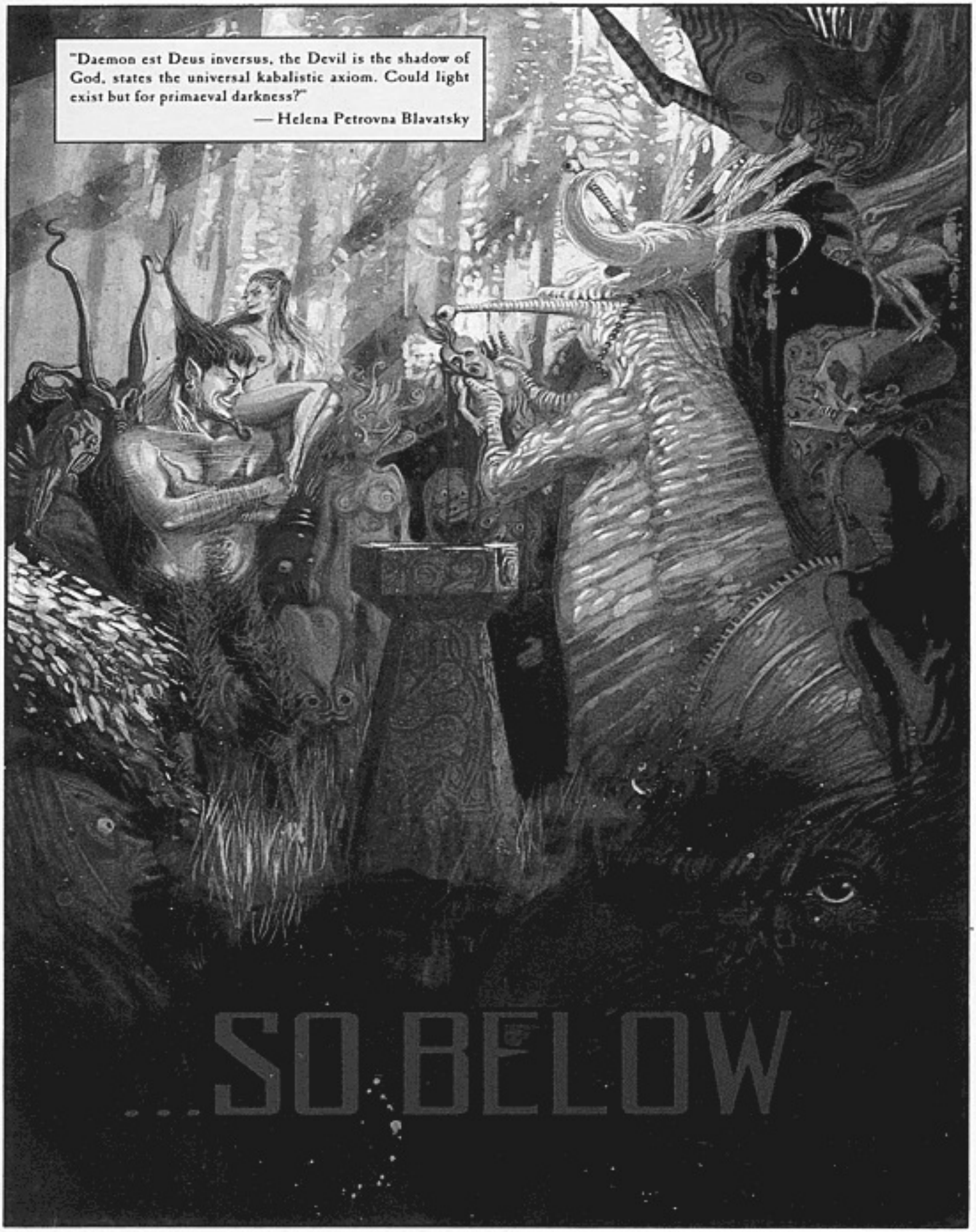

"Daemon est Deus inversus, the Devil is the shadow of God, states the universal kabalistic axiom. Could light exist but for primaeval darkness?"
— Helena Petrovna Blavatsky
...SO BELOW

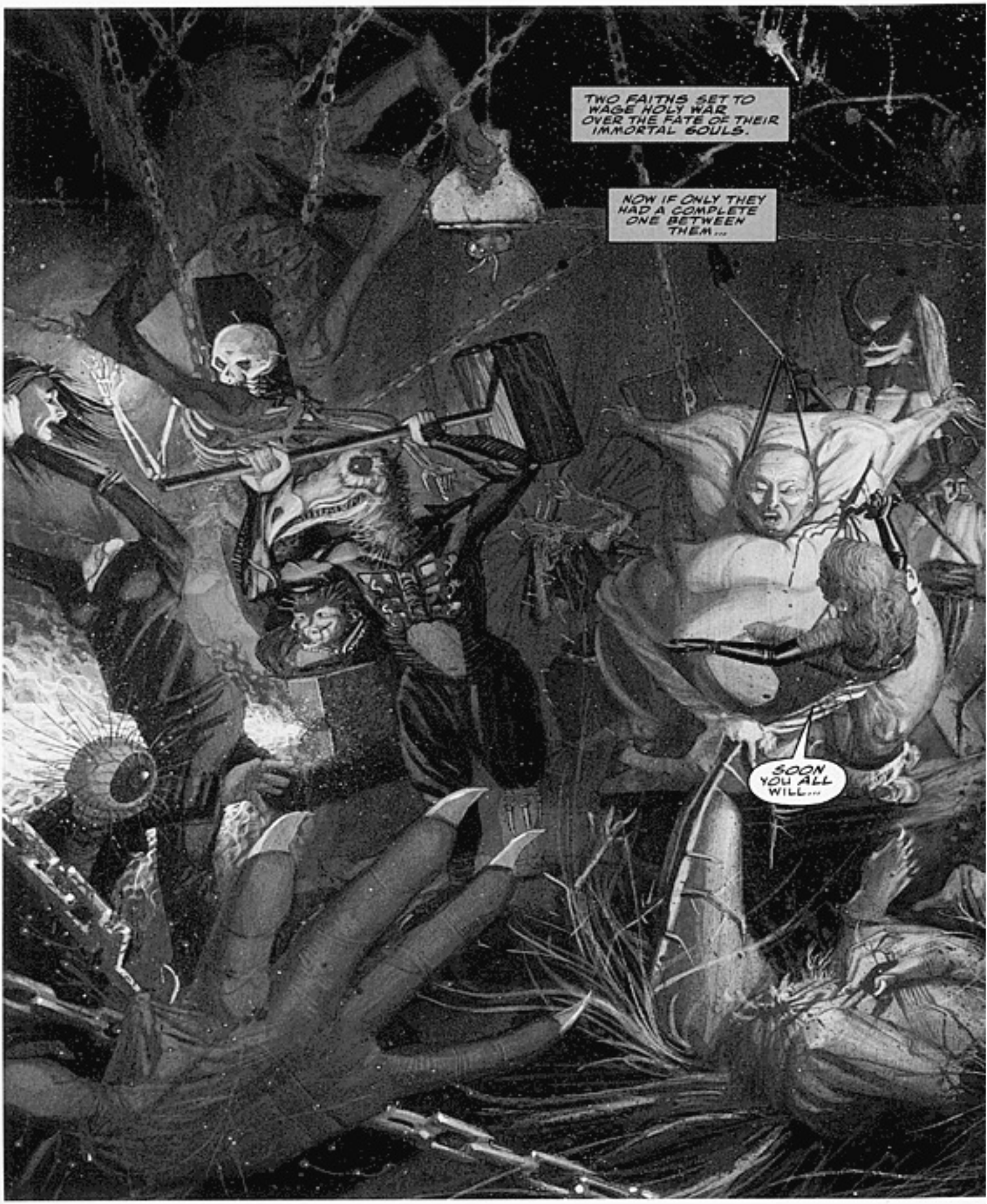
I HAD... I HAD THE DREAM. AGAIN.
WHERE WAS YER HEAD, MATE? THINKIN' YOU'D BE KEEPIN' IT CLEAR BY LONG YEARS ON THE OUTBACK AN' YER DRY CRACKERS?
BOTH WERE THERE THIS TIME, KADITCHA. CENOBITES AND NIGHTBREED BOTH.
GIVE 'EM NAMES, MAKES YOU HAPPY. DON'T CHANGE WHAT YA SEEN... OR ITS MEANIN'S!
YA SEEN THE DEAD WALKIN' YER WAY, MATE, YA HEAR THEIR BONES MADE TA RATTLE. IF'N YA HEAR N' SEE THESE THINGS WITHOUT FEAR, YA NEVER BE FRIGHTENED A' NO THING.
--CHRIST!
THE BODY OF--
THEY'LL NOT SHOW THEMSELVES TA YA NO MORE, BEIN' YER PSYCHIC FORCE IS NOW STRONG.
YER NOW POWERFUL, HAVIN' SEEN THESE DEAD.
LORD, WHY DO YOU STILL REFUSE MY TOUCH?
I'VE MADE MY PENANCE... I'VE TRIED...
YA GONNA EAT THIS CRACKER THEN, de MOLAY?
SLAM!
I'VE TOLD YOU A THOUSAND TIMES--IT'S NOT A "CRACKER"! IT'S THE HOLY--

"HOLY". THAT'LL EXPLAIN WHY IT'LL HAVE NOTHIN' TA DO WITH YOU, THEN!
KRNCH
THAT'D BE SIMPLE THEN, MATE.
KADITCHA, THE DREAM... THE DEAD. I'M AFRAID.
WHAT IF YOU CAN'T... WHAT IF YOU CAN'T HEAR AND SEE THEM... WITHOUT FEAR?
THEN YOU'RE DICKED.

HALF A WORLD AWAY, ONE OLD KNIGHT'S DREAMS-COME-TRUE ARE ANOTHER RACE'S NIGHTMARES.

NIGHT VISIONS TAKING FORM AS ICY COLD DEMONS PREACHING FASCIST RITUAL--

--AND PASSIONATE MONSTROSITIES CELEBRATING THE WORD OF A PAGAN GOD.


TWO FAITHS SET TO WAGE HOLY WAR OVER THE FATE OF THEIR IMMORTAL SOULS.
NOW IF ONLY THEY HAD A COMPLETE ONE BETWEEN THEM...
SOON YOU ALL WILL...

DON'T YOU WORRY, TATER-- AND DON'T YOU LOOK BACK, LITTLE ONE! JUST RUN-- HERE, I'LL SHOW YOU!
NARCISSE?! NARCISSE, WHAT'S--

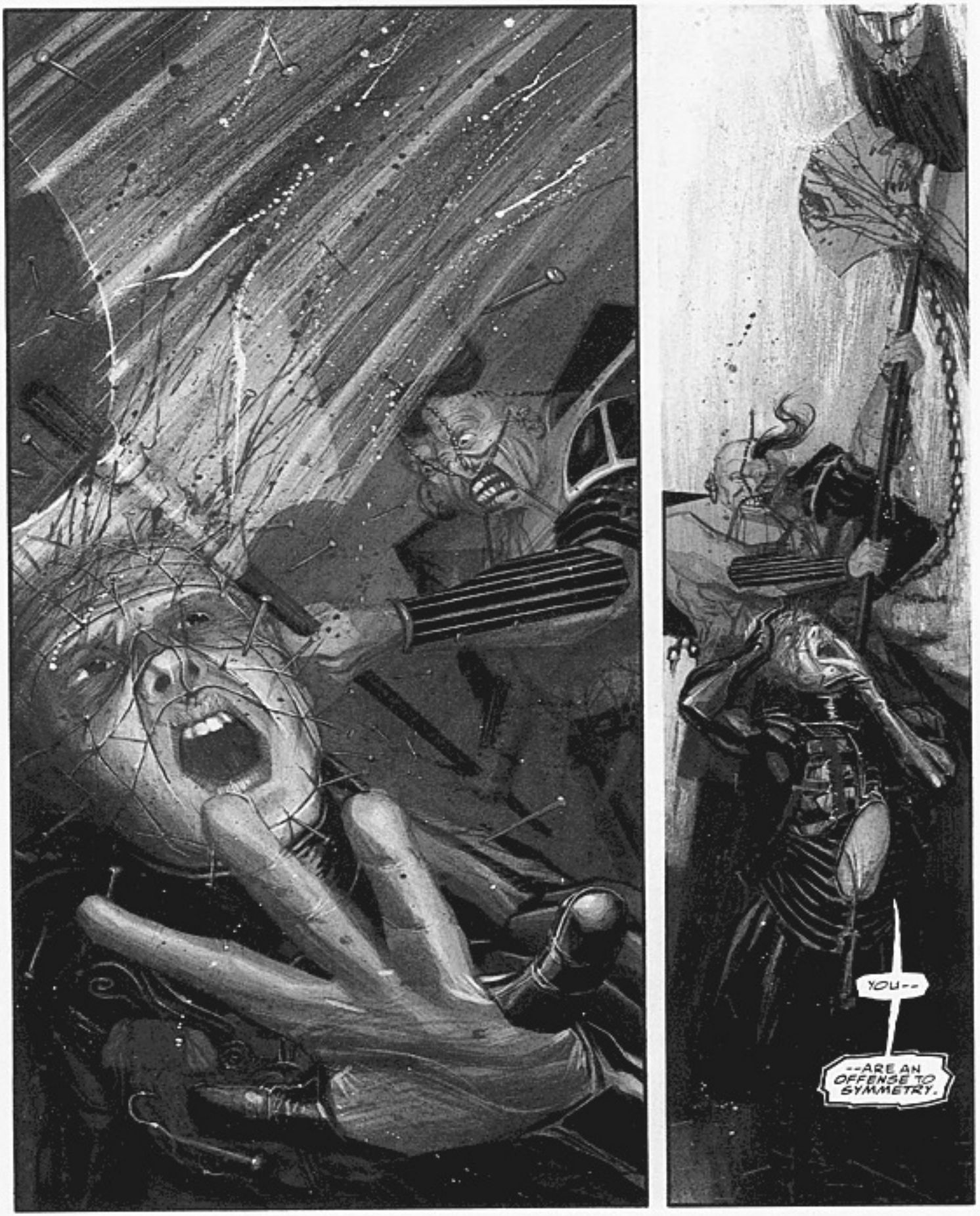
YOU'LL BE OKAY, BOONE... EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE--
SAVE IT FOR YOUR THERAPIST, LORI! CABAL'S DEAD-- BAPHOMET WATCH OUR ASS, THE SAVIOR'S DEAD!
YOU'RE-- YOU'RE WRONG, PELOQUIN, HE'S JUST--
I'M NOT THE ONE WEARING THE MESSIAH'S GUTS AS A FASHION STATEMENT-- DEAL WITH IT, WOMAN!
PATS, KINSKI-- LORI NEEDS A REALITY CHECK! GET HER AND HER SWEETHEART'S CORPSE OUTTA HERE!
SHOW THESE BASTARDS WHAT BEING A MONSTER'S REALLY ABOUT...
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
QUICKLY, ORAL! THE FRAGMENTS OF THIS TRANSMUTATOR MAY HOLD THE KEY TO OUR SALVATION!
XAPHAN! KEEP THEM FROM THE LAMENT CONFIGURATION!
YESSS, ALASSSTOR!
I FEAR THE DWARF REFERS TO US, PARACELSUS--

YOU'RE A BRIGHT ONE, ORAL -- & WHY I LIKE YA, I GUESS!
NO! MY BELLOWSSS CLAIMSSS YOU FOR HELL!
TASSSTE ITSSS FLAMESSS!
YOUR INTERVENTION IS MOST WELCOME, NICKNEVEN!
YOUR BUILDIN' BLOCKS BETTER BE WORTH ME GETTIN' MY BUNS BURNT, ALCHEMIST...
...BETTER BE WORTH IT FER ALL A' US!
cht cht cht
LEAVE LUDE ALONE LUDE WILL BE GOOD LEAVE LUDE--
STAY THE SACRAMENT OF SUFFERING, BROTHER.
ALASTOR'S CACOPHONY TRANSGRESSES AGAINST OUR LORD LEVIATHAN'S TEACHINGS -- WE MUST NOT ADD TO HIS BLASPHEMY.
NOT WHEN WE CAN STILL REVENGE IT...

DID YOU HEAR DIDYOU HEARDID YOUHEAR?
"WORSHIP US!" THEY SAID! OH, WHERE'S MY RIBS?
I GOT 'EM I GOT 'EM I GOT 'EM!
WORSHIP MY TAIL BONE, CITIPATI, THAT'S WHAT I SAY! WHAT THE HELL MAKES THEIR RELIGION SO SPECIAL?
PENANCE.
BUT YOU SAID THE PUZZLE BOX WASN'T WHAT BROUGHT THEM...
TRUE, YET I'M CERTAIN IT SHARES PROPERTIES WITH WHATEVER DID SUMMON THESE DEMONS!
BOTH ARE KEYS-- HELLISH PHILOSOPHER'S STONES, AS IT WERE! AND WHERE THE UNKNOWN ELEMENT HAS UNLOCKED THE GATE, THE ONE WE POSSESS CAN PERHAPS SEAL IT SHUT ONCE MORE!
OF COURSE, IT SHALL BE A COMPLEX PROCEDURE, REQUIRING THE SIMULTANEOUS JOINING OF ITS MYRIAD FACETS...
LET ME GUESS... THIS IS WHERE I GET TO SAY, "AHH"!
CAN'T-- SO DRY-- NEED DRINK--
THE ERRATIC PULSE OF BLOOD FROM YOUR BODY'S NECK CRIES OUT FOR CAUTERIZATION'S BLESSED STABILITY.
PRAISE LEVIATHAN I REACHED YOU IN TIME, CHILD...

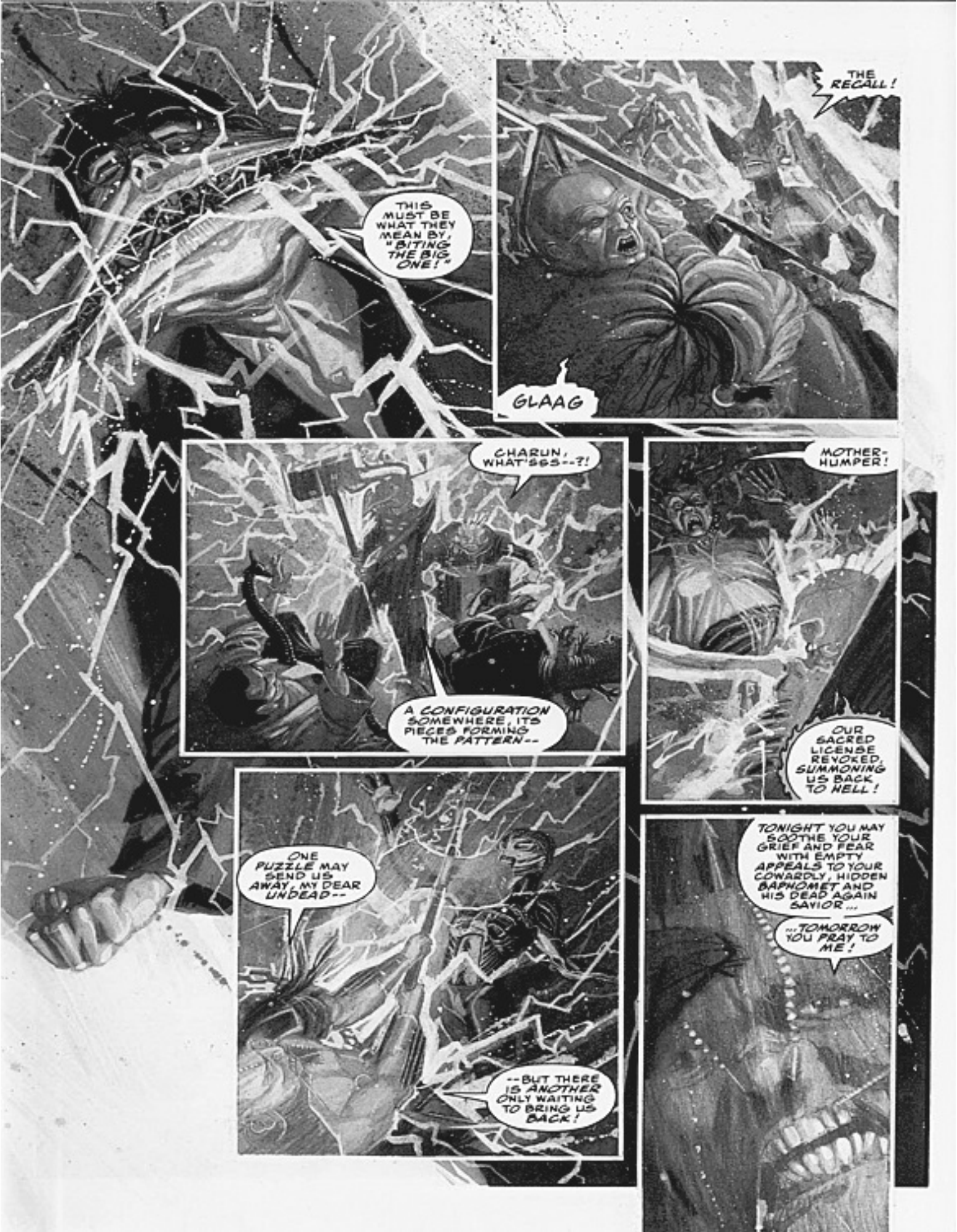
THEIR CRIES OF TERROR SING HOSANNAS TO YOUR NAME, ALASTOR, MY LOVE!
A SYMPHONY OF OUR IMPENDING REDEMPTION, CHALKIS!
SOON, THE NIGHTBREED WILL BEG ME TO ACCEPT THEIR PRAYERS!
NOT ALL WILL BE SO EAGER TO CALL YOU GOD...
THOSE SLOW TO THE ALTAR WILL SOON REALIZE THERE'S NO ESCAPE FROM THE CHURCH OF ALASTOR--
"--NOT WHEN I'VE AN OPEN INVITATION TO WALK AMONG THEM AT WILL!"
PATTY? PATTY, WHAT'S THE--
INSIDE AGAIN--
"CALL IT A GROWING ACCEPTANCE..."
GAAA
TWISTING TEARING ME APART IN--
UGGH-- DON'T I GET A SAY IN THIS? --GAAG!
YOU ARE WELL SUITED TO YOUR GRADE OF DEMON, CENOBITE.
PSEUDOTHEI, THE FALSE GODS.

AH, THE ARROGANT CONTEMPT OF THE VASA INIQUITATIS BEARS ITS UGLY PIN HEAD.
YOU ARE HERE IN SERVICE TO ME, OH GREAT LEADER OF THE VESSELS OF ANGER AND THE INVENTORS OF THE WICKED ARTS...
...OR PERHAPS YOU'VE FORGOTTEN YOUR ORDERS FROM LEVIATHAN ITSELF?
MY LORD CHARGED ME WITH SEEING THE HONOR OF ORDER UPHELD THROUGH YOUR JIHAD AGAINST THE RAUCOUS NIGHTBREED--
--NOT WITH STANDING SILENT AS YOUR DUPLICITY LED A CRUSADE FOR YOUR OWN DEIFICATION.
PLEASE... LET ME EXPLAIN...
DIVINE PHYSICAL MUTILATION IS A SPECIAL GIFT GRANTED TO WIDEN THE GULF BETWEEN LEVIATHAN'S CHOSEN AND THOSE WHO HAVE NOT YET SHARED.
YOU DO NOT MARCH PROUDLY WITH THE RANKS. YOU ARE A DISGRACE TO YOUR PIERCINGS, ALASTOR.
WHAT IS IT YOU PREACH IN YOUR VAIN SELF INTEREST? CREATIVITY-- THE ANARCHIAL DESTRUCTION OF OUR ORDERLY ACCEPTED VALUES?
SUCH LOCKSTEP DEVOTION IS FINE FOR YOUR ETERNAL DAMNATION, XIPE TOTEC-- I REQUIRE SOMETHING MORE FROM MY HEREAFTER!
SNFFF
YOU SPEAK WITH IMPIETY, CENOBITE. YOUR WORDS CARRY...
...THE STENCH OF CHAOS...


YOU--
--ARE AN OFFENSE TO SYMMETRY.

THANKS!
TRY TAKING YOUR ACCUSATIONS TO LEVIATHAN WHEN YOU'RE IN PIECES, "MASTER"!
TINY UNEVEN PIECES!
CLINK!
YOU'VE CHOSEN YOUR SIDE THEN, MICTLANTECUTLI! LEVIATHAN TOOK YOUR EYES AND VOICE --
--MY LOVER AND I WILL FINISH THE JOB!
THERE'S STRONG MUSCLE UNDER THIS FAT, NIGHT-BREED-- IT WILL MAKE ME A FINE TROPHY!
STRONG MUSCLE, YES... I SHOW YOU!
WHAT ARE YOU -- MY ARM! SISTER, HELP, HE'S PULLING MY --
ONE-TWO, SUCK IN THAT GUT, ONE-TWO!
GLAAGH

BEHAAGH-- AKT-- BEHINUUGH BEHIND--
OH, STOP YER BELLYACHIN', SWEETIE-POP, THIS IS ALMOST THE LAST ONE!
NOT BELLY-ACHING SO MUCH AS BEWARE, WITCH-- LOOK!
BEDLAM'S CORRUPTION SPREADS ITS DECAY THROUGH YOUR POOR SOULS...
...LET ME BURN OUT THE ROT FOR YOU!
HEADS UP, BOYS AND GHOULS!
SHIT NO! ONLY THINGS I LIKE NOT ARE SEX AND BLOOD! I JUST DROPPED IN TA HEAR YOUR BONES SNAP!
WHATEVER YOU GOT PLANNED, OLD MAN, DAMN WELL DO IT!
CHAOS RUNS THICK IN YOUR VEINS, NIGHTBREED -- DO YOU SEEK THE CLEANSING FIRE?


THIS MUST BE WHAT THEY MEAN BY, "BITING THE BIG ONE!"
THE RECALL!
GLAAG
CHARUN, WHAT'SGS--?!
A CONFIGURATION SOMEWHERE, ITS PIECES FORMING THE PATTERN--
MOTHER-HUMPER!
OUR SACRED LICENSE REVOKED, SUMMONING US BACK TO HELL!
ONE PUZZLE MAY SEND US AWAY, MY DEAR UNDEAD--
--BUT THERE IS ANOTHER ONLY WAITING TO BRING US BACK!
TONIGHT YOU MAY SOOTHE YOUR GRIEF AND FEAR WITH EMPTY APPEALS TO YOUR COWARDLY, HIDDEN BAPHOMET AND HIS DEAD AGAIN SAVIOR...
...TOMORROW YOU PRAY TO ME!

YOU DID IT, ORAL-- FELICITATIONS!
OUTSTANDING -- PTOOEE!
LEFT STRANDED, BROTHER... BEHIND ENEMY LINES...
cht cht
YOU BOYS SEEM TO HAVE AN APPRECIATION FOR THE SHARPER THINGS IN LIFE...
...HOW'D YA RATE THESE, SMILEY?
NOW JUST KEEP IT STILL WHILE MY MAIN SQUEEZE GALLOWS GIVES WITH THE HAND JOB OF GLORY!
"HAND OF GLORY," YOU IDIOT!
AS FOR ME AN' YOU, NARCISSE -- IN YOUR DREAMS! GO SQUEEZE YOURSELF!
THAT'S MY GIRL -- MAKING MALES EVERYWHERE STIFF AS A BOARD... NOT TA MENTION ANYTHING ELSE YOUR HAND JOB TOUCHES!
NOW WHADDA WE DO WITH 'EM?
LYNCH MOB? BUT THAT'S JUST ME...
HOW ARE WE TO ATTEND TO OUR "GUESTS"?
START BY CALLIN' 'EM FOR WHAT THEY REALLY ARE, PARA-CELSUS... FOR WHAT WE'RE REALLY INTO...
...P.O.W.'S ...PRISONERS A' WAR...

"GAZE OUT ON ITS INFERNAL MAJESTY-- LEVIATHAN!
"SO COMMANDING-- SUCH POWER, THE ALMIGHTY LORD OF ALL BEFORE IT!
"I ENVY..."
...YOUR VIEW, THAT IS, ATKINS!
YOU WANNA SPEND ETERNITY MAKIN' EYES AT THAT BLACK LIGHT SPITTIN', SOUL EATIN', ORDER HAPPY, SADO-MASOCHISTIC, FACET FACED, UNHOLIER-THAN-THOU RITUALISTIC DIAMOND--
--DO IT SOMEWHERE ELSE!
REASON I GOT SHUTTERS IS SO I DON'T HAVE TO LOOK AT THE MOTHERLESS COCKSUCKER!
KLANG
I FEEL PRETTY MUCH THE SAME ABOUT YOU SHIT-BROWN NOSING CRUSADERS, SO IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'D LIKE TO FINISH WITH YOUR TROOPS A.S.A.P.!

ARE WE TO UNDERSTAND, ATKINS, THAT YOU... TAKE ISSUE... WITH LEVIATHAN?
TRYIN' TO TRAP ME, CHARUN, YOU BEAK-FACED DOUCHE? I KNOW WHAT THEY CALL YOUR PLATOON -- AESCH MEZAREPH, THE PURIFYING FIRE...
... YOU AIN'T BURNIN' THIS SOLDIER WITH HIS OWN WORDS!
HURT YOUR WITTLE HAND, GEHENNA? YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO USE IT ON OTHERS, NOT LET 'EM TURN IT BACK ON YOU!
YOUR BELLOWS, XAPHAN, RE-FIRED AND READY TO COOK! HERE'S A TIP -- THE NOZZLE POINTS AWAY FROM YOU!
NOW GET YOUR SORRY GUNG-HO-FOR-HELL ASSES OUT OF MY ARMORY BEFORE I GET REALLY NASTY!
ATKINS' DISCONTENT CAN BE PUT TO WORK FOR US, ALASTOR... WE NEED NEW RECRUITS TO REPLACE AESHMA DEVA, XIPE TOTEC AND THE CHATTERING ONE!
AESHMA WAS A TRAGEDY -- SHE WILL BE MISSED. THE OTHER TWO WERE PAWNS...
... OLD GUARD NEEDED ONLY TO INSPIRE FAITH IN OUR MOVEMENT, TO HELP GAIN OUR MANDATE FROM ON LOW!
ONCE THEIR PURPOSE WAS SERVED, THEIR FATE WAS ALWAYS TO BE ABANDONED AT THE CLAWS OF THE NIGHT-BREED!
OUR CONCEPTION GROWS QUICKLY NOW, LEAVING HELL'S PONDEROUS STRUCTURE OF CHECKS AND BALANCES FAR BEHIND, UNABLE TO STOP WHAT WE HAVE BEGUN!
THE ARMORER WOULD BE A POWERFUL ALLY, YAMA YIDATU... BUT HIS DIS-PLEASURES DON'T TRULY SPEAK THE LANGUAGE OF TREASON.
THAT TONGUE IS OURS ALONE -- AND WHEN WE HAVE MASTERED IT, ALL HELL WILL BOW BEFORE US ALL!

IF YOU REALLY NEED SOMETHIN' TA BLOW, GALLOWS...
SHUT UP, NARCISSE! HOLD 'EM TIGHT, DAGON -- I'M GETTING THEM LOOSE!
TH-TH-THEY, THEY AIN'T GOING NOWHERE, L-L-LITTLE, LITTLE LADY!
cht cht cht
EVER SEEN THE LIKE, NICKNEVEN? WE'RE NOT ONES TO TALK, BUT THIS IS THE MOST HIDEOUS--
TAKE CARE, KINSKI! -- THERE BUT FOR THE GRACE A' BAPHOMET GO THEE!
ADMITTEDLY, THRALL. AND IN RETURN FOR YOUR SKILL WITH NARCOTICS, I SHALL REFRAIN FROM ASKING PELQUIN TO FEED YOU YOUR OWN TESTICLES.
cht cht
I'M USUALLY WELL REWARDED FOR ME SERVICE AND ME PRODUCT, ALCHEMIST!
GUESS THAT'S EQUITABLE...

IS THIS TO BE... AN EXECUTION?
INTERROGATION.
PROCEED... AT YOUR OWN RISK.
YOU'VE NOT YET MET THE MAGGOTS, I'LL WARRANT --LOWLIFE 'BREED, EVEN BY ME STANDARDS.
FULL A' FANCIES, THEY ARE -- A LIVING DRUG. LET 'EM LOOSE IN YOUR HEAD LONG ENOUGH AN' THEY'LL FILL IT WITH ALL MANNER A' DREAMS AN' DEMENTIA.
CALL 'EM BACK OUT AFTER JUST A NIBBLE, THOUGH, AN' WHO KNOWS WHAT THEY'LL HAVE DUG UP...
♫ THE WORMS CRAWL IN, THE WORMS CRAWL OUT--
--THEY ♫ EAT YOUR GUTS AND THEY SPIT 'EM OUT!
NO GUARANTEES ON WHAT THEY FOUND IN THERE -- AN' NONE EITHER ON MIXING HIS HEAD WITH YOURS!
COVER YER ASS, THAT IT, THRALL?
I CAN SEE SOMETHING ... I ...
WHAT'S THE WORRY? WE EITHER FIND OUT WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW, OR --
NO -- CHEWING INTO MY BRAIN THEY'RE -- TAKE THEM OUT! TAKE THEM OUT!

DEEPER, EVER DEEPER, THE LARVAE CHEW THEIR WAY INTO THE TRIO'S GRAY MATTER--
--DELIVERING A CARGO OF WICKEDLY WELL-ORDERED THOUGHTS AND ICY MEMORIES SO COLD THEY BURN.
INFERNAL REMEMBRANCES SEARING THROUGH THE HAZE OF ANTIQUITY TO BRING THE FORGOTTEN PAST HOME AGAIN...
AN INQUISITION GIVING RISE TO FALSE CONFESSIONS, BORN OF FEAR AND PAIN.
FLAMES BREAKING DOWN FLESH, BORN OF MAN AND NIGHT.
THE BLADE OF YOUR CONFIGURATION HAS TASTED HUMAN AND NIGHTBREED BLOOD, de MOLAY...
...NOW IT CRAVES THE TASTE OF CENOBITE TO COMPLETE ITS PATTERN. LET US GIVE YOU WHAT IT WANTS IN HELL.
I-I CAN'T-- I WON'T! I SHOULD NEVER HAVE DEALT-- I'M SORRY, I'M--
THE KNIGHT'S BETRAYALS REMAINED TRUE TO HELL'S DESIGN, DRIVING A WEDGE BETWEEN MAN AND MONSTER...
...SUSTAINING THE BATTLE TO IMPOSE ORDER ON THE FLESH BEFORE THE NIGHTBREED'S INHERENT CHAOS COULD COME TO HUMANITY'S DEFENSE.
TAKING REFUGE IN AN EARTHEN SELF-IMPOSED PRISON, THE UNDEAD OF NIGHT HID FROM THE WORLD ABOVE AND THEIR OWN HISTORY...

NOTHER TIME, ANOTHER LAND.
POOR FELLOW - SOLDIERS OF CHRIST AND THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON -- THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.
FAITH IN THEIR OWN GOD AND THE WONDERS HE PLACED IN THE WORLD STRENGTHENED BY A MEETING WITH THE CHILDREN OF BAPHOMET...
...THE KNIGHTS' HOPE TO SHARE WITH THE TRIBES OF THE MOON, AN ENLIGHTENED UNION TO BENEFIT BOTH THEIR RACES.
ANOTHER HOLY WAR, ANOTHER TRAITOROUS CRUSADER.
--MY ORDER, HOLY FATHER, FALLEN INTO HERESY, ROASTING BODIES OF THE DEAD, SPITTING ON THE CRUCIFIX, UNNATURAL CARNAL ACTS IN WORSHIP OF A PAGAN GOD...
AND NEEDLESS TO SAY, de MOLAY, SUCH AN ALLIANCE THREATENS TO CONTINUE BELIEFS ROME WOULD RATHER SEE ERADICATED.
AND WHAT PART DO YOU PLAY IN THESE INCIDENTS, PHILIP ?
MY CONCERN, POPE CLEMENT, IS FOR THE CHURCH ! IF THE TEMPLARS SUFFER FOR THEIR SPIRITUAL TRESPASS, WHO WILL HELP MANAGE THEIR CONSIDERABLE...SECULAR HOLDINGS?
BUT FIRE COULDN'T CONSUME WHAT HAD ALREADY BEEN BURNT OUT--
--THE CHARRED HUSK OF A ONCE PROUD PALADIN AND HIS HIGH IDEALS.
de PAYNS, de SAINT-OMER, JESUS, BAPHOMET, ALL OF YOU-- FORGIVE ME FORGIVE--
TRUTH, LIKE THE DIVINE, CAN BE EXQUISITE IN ITS HURT.
IT HAS BEEN A LONG TIME, NIGHTBREED. GOOD TO SEE YOU ALL AGAIN.
...WAITING, WAITING FOR YESTERDAY TO CATCH UP WITH THEM ONCE MORE...
THESE THINGS... THESE CENOBITES--
DROVE US, DROVE THE 'BREED INTO EXILE ! AND NOW--
AND NOW... THEY'VE RETURNED!

"RAISE BAPHOMET?!? ARE YOU MAD, PARACELSUS?!"
"IT'S THE ONLY WAY, KINSKI! THE 'BREED HAVE LOST THEIR SAVIOR -- THEY NEED A RALLYING POINT TO RE-AFFIRM THEIR FAITH IF THEY'RE TO PREVAIL!"
"BUT BAPHOMET'S PARTS WERE SCATTERED..."
APOTHECARY
MOST MADE IT TO THE ABORIGINE'S CARE, HOWEVER. KADITCHA CAN OPEN THE DOOR TO THEIR SANCTUARY...
...THEN IT SHALL BE IN THE HANDS OF OUR "FRIEND" HERE!
THE SIN-O-BITE?!
YOU FLATTER US, WOMAN.
MAY I? AN ACCEPTABLE LIKENESS.
I WILL -- ASSIST YOU IN THIS. ALASTOR IS NOW AS MUCH MY ENEMY AS YOURS... AND THE BALANCE YOU SPEAK OF HAS APPEAL.
KEEP IT IN YER PANTS -- ASSUMIN' YA STILL GOT SOMETHIN' DOWN THERE TA KEEP, THAT IS!
YA AIN'T FINDIN' NO CONVERTS HERE!
SUCH HARMONY HOLDS GREAT POWER, AND MAY ADMIT HIM WHERE OUR PRESENCE WOULD BE TABOO.
HE APPEARED AT THE START OF THE WALL OF PROPHECY, EVEN AS CABAL'S IMAGE WAS AT ITS END.
WE'LL NEED A FLYIN' OINTMENT TA SEND 'EM DOWN UNDER IN TIME... AN' THAT MEANS...
I KNOW, NICKNEVEN... MANDRAKE ROOT. MY HOMUNCULOUS AND I WILL... WE WILL PAY THE COST.
THIS SACRIFICE WON'T BE FORGOTTEN, PARACELSUS ... YOU'LL BE REMEMBERED.
THANK... THANK YOU, KINSKI...
CONSIDER SAVING YOUR THANKS, ALCHEMIST. THIS WAR IS NOT YET OVER.
AND WHO IS TO SAY IF ANY WILL REMAIN TO DO THE REMEMBERING...?

SHOULDN'T WE BE--MMM--WITH THE OTHERS?
THE OTHERS TALK, AND TALK, AND TALK.
I LIKE TO THINK I'M MORE A MONSTER OF ACTION!
RANDY, B.O.B.!
NOT BAD YOURSELF--FOR A HUMAN!
YOU SURE YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, PATS? LORI SAID THAT SPILL YOU TOOK WAS PRETTY BAD...
FINE.
SURE?
YOU WANT CONVINCING I GOT MY STRENGTH BACK? HERE!
HEY!
IF YOU MEAN ME, I'D STICK TO "SOMETHING"!
JUST AN UPSET STOMACH--SOMETHING I ATE.
OR SOMEONE.
YOU'RE REALLY OKAY--YOUR STOMACH...?
REALLY... IT'S NOTHING...
... BUT IF YOUR HAND'S ALREADY DOWN THERE, KEEP GOING...
"HIS HANDS ARE ON THE BITCH AGAIN, ALASTOR... CARESSING--"

--WHY SHOULD THEY BE SO GIFTED WHEN WE'RE DEPRIVED OUR LOVE?!
ETERNALLY BOUND TOGETHER AND FOREVER APART...
THINGS GROW RESTLESS BELOW, ALASTOR-- WE MUST HURRY!
WHERE'S WHAT'S LEFT OF YOUR HEART, CHARUN? CAN'T YOU HEAR CHALKIS'S MISERY?
ITALY HOLDS THE SPIRIT OF ROMANCE, MY LADY... IT WILL BE OURS AGAIN SOON! GLIMPSE IT, EVEN NOW DANCING IN THE LIGHT OFF AVERNUS...
"GLIMPSE IT..." THE WORDS RING OMINOUS...
COME, DEAR CHALKIS! LET US CELEBRATE OUR LOVE!
...HARKENING BACK TO THE START OF THE UNHAPPY COUPLE'S DOWNWARD JOURNEY.
NO... NO, ALASTOR! I CAN'T! I-- NO!
WHAT IS THE HARM IN SHOWING AFFECTION WHEN THE GODS OF OLYMPUS THEMSELVES HAVE BLESSED OUR COMING UNION?
THERE WON'T-- THERE CAN'T BE-- I CAN'T MARRY YOU, ALASTOR!
I'M SORRY!
CAN'T--?! CHALKIS, CHALKIS PLEASE--!
I WON'T LOSE YOU, MY LADY... BE IT IF I MUST SCALE OLYMPUS OR CROSS THE STYX ITSELF...
GLIMPSE IT...
'BOUT TIME YER BACK, CHALKIS! YER BROTHER AN' I'S HUNGRY!
HUNGRY.
MADE... I'VE MADE... STEW... FOR YOU AND--

DIDN'T SAY WE WANNA EAT, LI'L GIRL-- SAID WE'D HUNGRY!
GLIMPSE IT.
PLEASE, FATHER, NO MORE! I HAD TO SEND ALASTOR AWAY BECAUSE YOU'VE SHAMED ME, ISN'T THAT--
SHUT UP AN' SPREAD YER--
HUNGRY.
DON'T! DON'T YOU--
TELL 'ER, BOY!
ALASTOR... FORGIVE ME...
THERE IS NOTHING TO FORGIVE, MY LOVE... BUT OH SO MUCH TO AVENGE...
GLIMPSE IT IN THE RECIPE DRAWN OUT UPON THE SHIT COVERED SCROLL MADE FROM THE STOMACH OF AN EYELESS MAN WHO COULD STILL SEE--
--GLIMPSE--
--EXPLICIT INSTRUCTIONS FOR COOKING UP A GENEROUS PORTION OF DAMNATION.
I MADE IT SPECIAL FOR YOU.
I'M NOT HUNGRY... BUT I'LL EAT.

SLLRP
WHERE'S YER BROTHER?
HERE.
DIN'T ASK FER MORE...
SLLRP
...ASKED WHERE'S YER--
--HUH?--
--BROTHER?
GAAK--STUCK MY THROATKOFF --GAAG-- CAN'T BREATHEKOFF--
CROSS THE STYX ITSELF...
THERE IS NOTHING TO FORGIVE, MY LOVE... BUT OH SO MUCH TO AVENGE...
LET US FINALLY ANNUL THIS UNHOLY MARRIAGE IN THE FACETS OF LEVIATHAN, SO THAT WE MIGHT EMBRACE AGAIN AS WE WERE MEANT!
WHAT I LED US TO...
CHALKIS... FORGIVE ME...
A WEDDING GIFT, THEN, DARLING.

I MADE IT SPECIAL FOR YOU...

SO WHY'S IT GOTTA BE THIS WAY?
THE MANDRAGORA OFFICINARUM -- THE MANDRAKE ROOT -- WILL ONLY GROW FROM THE SPERM OF A HANGED MAN.
THE SCREAM IT MAKES WHEN PULLED FROM THE EARTH WILL KILL ANY WHO HAVE HOLD OF IT.

CAN'T WE... CAN'T WE TALK OF SOMETHING ELSE, GALLOWS?
IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I SAT BENEATH A TREE WITH A... A PRETTY GIRL. THE LEARNING OF THE GREAT ART BLURS THE LINES OF THE SEXES, YOU KNOW...

...ONE LOSES SIGHT OF THE SIMPLE PLEASURES...
HERE... LEMME REMIND YOU...

I'M GONNA-- GONNA MISS YOU PARACELSUS. I THINK WE COULDA BEEN GOOD FRIENDS...
I THOUGHT WE WERE.
REMEMBER NOW--
--PUSH HARD!
PLEASE NO I DON'T WANT TO GO...
DON'T WANNA HEAR DON'T--
OH GOD OH GOD YESSSS I'M COMING I'M--!

SPLISH
FATHER?
F-FATHER?
NO TIME GRIEF! KNOW WHAT DO!
ONE, TWO, THREE--
--PULL!
GRUNT
THERE'S STILL HUMAN MEAT ON THEM 'BREED BONES, SO KEEP 'IM BACK FROM THE FLAME, KINSKI!
A SNAP SIZZLE A' SKIN THERE'S ALL IT'D TAKE TA SET THIS OLD LADY'S MOUTH TA WATERIN' OVER A SAVIOR SNACK--AN' YOU KNOW HOW BAPHOMET FROWNS ON THOSE KINDA THOUGHTS!
POOR LI'L SELFLESS THINGS... MAYBE THE ALCHEMIST DID FIND GOLD, AFTER ALL...
WE'RE GOING TO COUNT ON THIS--THIS--WITH BOONE? I THOUGHT YOU COULD BRING HIM BACK, NOT DAMN HIM TO--

DON'T YOU NEED A BROOMSTICK? SOME KIND OF PHALLIC SYMBOL THING TO FOCUS YOUR POWER?
PHALLIC SYMBOL? I GET PLENTY OF THE REAL THING, SONNY, THANK YOU VERY MUCH!
GONNA MISS ME?
DON'T GIVE ME A CHANCE-- GET BACK SOON!
THERE'S NEVER BEEN ANOTHER MOMENT LIKE THIS, PELOQUIN! OUR HOPES, THE FUTURE OF EVERY NIGHTBREED RELY ON YOUR--
JUST GIVE ME THE STIFF!
CALM YOURSELF, LORI! WE DON'T SEND THE ADVERSARY ALONE-- PELOQUIN'S GOING, TOO!
GREAT-- BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP MAUVE PSYCHOPATH!
--I'LL TAKE CARE A' MAKIN' THE THREATS!
TALK'S CHEAP, PELOQUIN. BACK YER WORDS UP...
... BACK 'EM WITH A VENGEANCE...
DAGON'S GOT HIS CLAWS TIGHT AROUND YER TOOTH-SOME FRIEND'S NECK, CENOBITE. WE GET WORD BACK SOMETHIN' WENT WRONG -- ANY-THIN' -- HE'S GONNA NEED MORE'N DENTAL WORK!
JUST SPREAD YOUR FLYIN' GUNK IN, WITCH--

HE SAID... BOONE SAID... SAID HE'D NEVER LEAVE ME...
WE KNOW, LORI. AND UNTIL YOU'VE GOT HIM BACK... NEITHER WILL WE...
ANGELS SEEM TA BE A LITTLE LATE IN COMIN' FOR YA, DEARIE, SO I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVETA DO!
REST EASY.
BLESSED BE.
I THOUGHT YOU ABORIGINES WERE SUPPOSED TO BE SUCH HOT SHIT WITH THOSE BULL ROARERS--
ON YOUR KNEES, CENOBITE...
...OH, YES, I'M GOING TO ENJOY THIS!
--LET'S GO, KADITCHA, PUT SOME MUSCLE INTO IT!
THE YEARS HAVE BEEN MOST UNKIND TO YOU, SIR de MOLAY. HOW GRATIFYING.

THAT'S IT, JUST GIVE AN *EXCUSE*, ANY EXCUSE TO GIVE YOU WHAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN YOURS CENTURIES AGO!
BUT THAT WOULD HAVE MEANT *COMPLETING* THE *PUZZLE*-- THE WARM RED OF HUMAN, NIGHTBREED, AND CENOBITE. LET THE SWORD DRINK ALL THREE, LET IT SAVOR EACH...
YOU CHOOSE THIS *SUFFERING*, de MOLAY... WHEN WE WOULD HAVE GLADLY SHOWN YOU SUCH *SIGHTS* FOR YOUR *TREACHERY*.
OOOO, SO MUCH FER ELBOW GREASIN' IT!
IS THERE A *PROBLEM*?
MY *HAND'S* GOT TO BE THE ONE SPINS THE *MAGIC* A' THE BULL ROARER...
... BUT THESE *BONES* ARE OLD, MATE, THE *MUSCLE'S* WEAK!
THE GOSPEL OF LEVIATHAN INCLUDES *DISCIPLINE* IN THE AREA OF *PHYSICAL*... THERAPY.
IF I MIGHT MAKE A *SUGGESTION*?
THAT'S IT, MATE, YOU'VE GOT THE *RHYTHM* DOWN...
KAAROOO

...AIN'T BEEN ABLE TA DO THAT WITH MY ARM IN YEARS!
LISTEN, NOW! YA HEAR IT? CALLIN' HER SECRET NAME, IT IS, PULLIN' IT OUTTA THE ROCK AN' EARTH...
...KUNAPIPI, THE WOMB WOMAN!
WE GO IN, WE'RE TOAST. THAT'S WHY YOU'RE PAYIN' A VISIT ON BAPHOMET FOR US--SHOW THAT PAGAN BASTARD JUST WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIS SAVIOR-BOY TOY!
GET HIM RILED, GET HIM OFF THAT BIG BLACK ASS AND DO SOMETHING FOR US FOR A CHANGE!
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT OF THAT HOLE, CENOBITE --AND I'LL BE WAITING.
DON'T SCREW IT UP...
CAVEAT NOTED, AND A WARNING IN TURN.

ALL GODS DEMAND TRIBUTE IN EXCHANGE FOR THEIR BOONS. A CORPSE, EVEN THAT OF A MESSIAH, IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR A LIVING OFFERING.
PREPARE YOURSELF, NIGHTBREED. BEFORE THIS IS OVER, THERE WILL BE SACRIFICES MADE... AND THEIR SCREAMS WILL BE WARM AND SWEET...
THE NOTION COMES UPON THE HIGH PRIEST OF HELL UNBIDDEN.
PUSHING HIS WAY THROUGH THE WARM MEMBRANE INTO THE CHAMBER WITHIN, IT ASSAULTS HIS INTELLECT, MASQUERADING AS COLD LOGIC.
ALONE WITH THE DIVINITY AND REDEEMER OF THE NIGHTBREED, HE COULD DESTROY THEM BOTH--
--STRIKE A RADICAL BLOW IN THE NAME OF LEVIATHAN, ERADICATE TWO GREAT FORCES OF DISORDER, BRING BLESSED STRUCTURE THAT MUCH CLOSER TO--
THE CENOBITE CRUSHES THE THOUGHT, MAKING A MENTAL NOTE TO PAINFULLY EXISE THAT FRENZIED LOBE OF HIS BRAIN--
--BLIGHTED BY THE SEEDS OF CHAOS NONCONFORMISTS PLANT IN THE GARDEN OF ORDER.
ANOTHER CONCEPT COMES TO MIND, THIS ONE GRIM, METHODICAL. INSIDE A SINGLE WOMB, A TRIO OF RACES--
--BAPHOMET EMBODYING NIGHTBREED, A VESTIGE OF MANKIND IN WHAT CABAL ONCE WAS, HIMSELF A CENOBITE--

--AND HELL'S FAVORITE SON FEARS HE FINALLY KNOWS THE TRUE SCOPE OF ALASTOR'S JIHAD...
NEVER, NEVER TRUST THEM! DEATH IS ALL THAT CENOBITE DESERVES, FOR PAST SINS AND HIS PART IN THEIR UNHOLY CRUSADE AGAINST YOUR KIND!
CAN'T YA SHUT 'IM UP, DREADLOCKS? I BEEN HEARIN' THAT MOUTH FER YA DON'T WANNA KNOW HOW LONG!
IF ANY'S TO DIE, WHO'S TO SAY IT WON'T BE YOU, KNIGHT? THE DEMON FOLLOWS ITS NATURE --
--BUT YOU SOLD OUT BOTH YOURS AND MINE! YOU READY TO PAY THAT PRICE?!
I'VE FOLLOWED IN JUDAS' FOOTSTEPS, THERE'S NO DENYING... AND I WILL YET ATONE FOR ALL MY FAILINGS...
IS YOUR WORD ANY MORE RELIABLE 674 YEARS LATER, de MOLAY?
FORGET IT. YOU PLAYED STRAIGHT.
AND CUT OFF FROM DOWN BELOW, YOU'RE ABOUT AS THREATENING TO ME AS A PORCUPINE.
IT IS DONE, NIGHTBREED. YOU NO DOUBT DESIRE TO SHACKLE ME AGAIN.

YOUR SENSE OF HONOR IS WELCOME... EVEN IF IT MAKES THE REVELATION OF DUPLICITY THAT MUCH MORE DIFFICULT.
WHAT'RE YOU TALKING--?!
YOU SEE, I TOLD YOU, NEVER, NEVER TRUST--
LIFE'S SHORT. EXPLAIN YOURSELF.
OBSESSION IS THE KEY TO OUR ENTRY INTO THIS WORLD.
IT MANIFESTS ITSELF IN THE FORM OF PUZZLES-- MORE CORRECTLY, CONFIGURATIONS-- THE SOLVING OF WHICH GRANTS US PASSAGE.
NARCISSE, WHAT'S--?
IN THE CHURCH WITH THE WOUNDED-- FELOQUIN'S GIRL-FRIEND, HAVIN' SOME KINDA FIT!
UNDER THE BROAD MANDATE GRANTED BY OUR GOD, ALASTOR WAS ABLE TO DESIGNATE A NEW FORM OF PUZZLE.
AN EMBRYO. A LIVING CONFIGURATION CONSTANTLY, OBSESSIVELY SOLVING ITS WAY TOWARD LIFE.
"EACH STAGE OF THE ZYGOTE'S CLEAVAGE IS A NEW SOLUTION, ALLOWING US TO EXERCISE OUR INFLUENCE AT LEISURE."
HOW'S SHE--?
WE DON'T KNOW!
INSIDE-- CRAMPS TERRIBLE-- SOMETHING MOVING--

WHAT-- WHAT DOES THIS HAVE TO DO WITH--
PATRICIA DENHAM IS WITH YOUR CHILD, PELOQUIN, A UNION OF HUMAN AND NIGHTBREED GRACED BY THE STIGMATA DIABOLI -- THE DEVIL'S MARK.
SHE HOLDS THE CONFIGURATION WITHIN.
"HER PRESENCE ALLOWED US OPEN ACCESS TO YOUR INNERMOST CIRCLE, FITTING INTO ALASTOR'S STATED GOAL OF DEPRIVING YOU OF YOUR SAVIOR."
SON OF A-- WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HER?!
THAT LIGHT-- LIKE WHEN THE CENOBITES CAME AND WENT!
GOD IT'S TURNING ME INSIDE OUT IT'S--
"A CRISIS DESIGNED TO PROMOTE-- DISARRAY-- TO MAKE THE NIGHTBREED EASY TARGETS.
"BUT NOW I BELIEVE ALASTOR HAS OTHER PLANS FOR THE EMBRYO..."
WHERE'D--?
I DON'T... I DON'T...
STOP WONDERIN' 'BOUT THAT LI'L GIRL, BOY'S... AN' START PRAYIN' FOR HER...
FINISHED GLOATING, BASTARD?
I SEEK ALASTOR'S DOWNFALL AS MUCH AS YOU. I PROPOSE--
BY THE ROCKS! LOOK, LOOK!
MY GOD...
"'FACILIS DECENSUS AVERNO EST, NOCTES ATQUE DIES PATET ATRI JANUA DITIS, SED REVOCARE GRADUM, SUPERASQUE EVADERE AD AURAS, HOC OPUS, HIC LABOR EST.'"
PRECISELY.

"THE DESCENT OF AVERNUS IS EASY, NIGHT AND DAY THE GATE OF GLOOMY DIS IS OPEN WIDE...
"...BUT TO RETRACE THOSE STEPS AND TO ESCAPE TO THE UPPER AIR, HERE INDEED IS THE TASK, HERE THE TOIL."
MOTHERLESS SONS OF BITCHES!
HERE, THE WALLS ARE THIN, BROTHERS AND SISTER!
HERE, WE STAGE OUR MARCH ON HELL, HERE WE VINDICATE THE WRONGS DELIVERED ONTO US BY LEVIATHAN!
AND HERE IS THE MEANS TO REALIZE OUR DREAM AND ESCAPE FROM THIS NIGHT-MARE...THE CHILD WITHIN!
CHILD?! I'M NOT PREGNANT, YOU STUPID MOTHER--
ME AND -- ME AND PELOQUIN? A BABY? SOMETHING GOOD SO YOU'VE GOT TO SHIT ON IT, S'THAT IT?!?
I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE -- JUST LIKE TONY, JUST LIKE EVERY GUIDO GANGSTER I'VE BEEN RUN-NING FROM MY WHOLE LIFE!
ptoo
SHE'S IMPUDENT, MY FRIENDS -- BUT WE ALL KNOW SHE CAN'T MAKE IT ANY WORSE ON HERSELF!
INSIDE, SEED OF NIGHTBREED, EGG OF HUMAN, TAINT OF CENOBITE.
A POWERFUL TRINITY, AN UNHOLY HOST, BODY AND BLOOD FOR REAL!
EATING THE HOST-- MMM, IS THIS HOW IT'LL TASTE, LIKE MOMMY? -- WILL MAKE ME A GOD.
AND THE COWED NIGHTBREED, DESPERATELY IN NEED OF A FIGURE TO WORSHIP, WILL FOLLOW EAGERLY!

FOLLOW THROUGH THE GATES OF AVERNUS, INTO THE VERY ABYSS, WHERE THEIR CHAOS WILL SHATTER LEVIATHAN ITSELF!
THEN WE WILL HAVE THE POWER TO REMAKE CHALKIS AND ME, POWER TO REALIZE ALL OUR DARKEST DREAMS AND BASEST DESIRES!
DEATH WOULD BE LESS PAINFUL THAN SURGERY, AND I'M NOT A SADIST--
--MUCH--
--BUT KILLING YOU OUTRIGHT WOULD ALSO KILL THE EMBRYO.
ASSHOLE SON OF A-- LET ME GO! LET ME--
OPEN WIDE--
--WHAT?!
YOU COMPROMISE THE VERY SPIRIT OF INIQUITY, ALASTOR.
NO MORE. IN THE VERNACULAR, YOU WILL EITHER TOE THE INFERNAL LINE... OR ENDURE THE CONSEQUENCES.
YOU'RE MINE, BASTARD, I'M GONNA RIP THAT SPIKE OUTTA YOUR HEAD AN' SHOVE IT STRAIGHT UP YOUR--
A DISFAVORED SON, HIS PIERCINGS BENT AND SCATTERED... A SOULLESS RANTING MONSTROSITY... AN ARCHAIC KNIGHT ON A FINAL, PATHETIC CRUSADE...
...THIS IS THE BEST YOU COULD FIND TO THREATEN ONE WHO WILL SOON BE A GOD?
DEITIES DO NOT IMPRESS US.

NOT WHEN WE HAVE BROUGHT ONE OF OUR OWN.

EEEEE! IT'SSS TOO BIG! TOO BIG!
YOU COWARDLY DWARF, XAPHAN! WHAT'S SIZE?
THIS NIGHTBREED'S NO DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHERS! JUST A LARGER BEAST FOR THE HAMMER TO LAY--
--LOW--
HNNGAH!
FINALLY MY STEEL FINDS ITS MARK!
YOU SHOULD'VE GIVEN YOURSELF-- TO THE FLAMES-- OLD MAN!
BUT LIKE ALL THOSE WHO MOST RESEMBLE-- THE DEAD--
NO--
--YOU'RE THE MOST-- RELUCTANT-- TO DIE!
LET ME HELP...

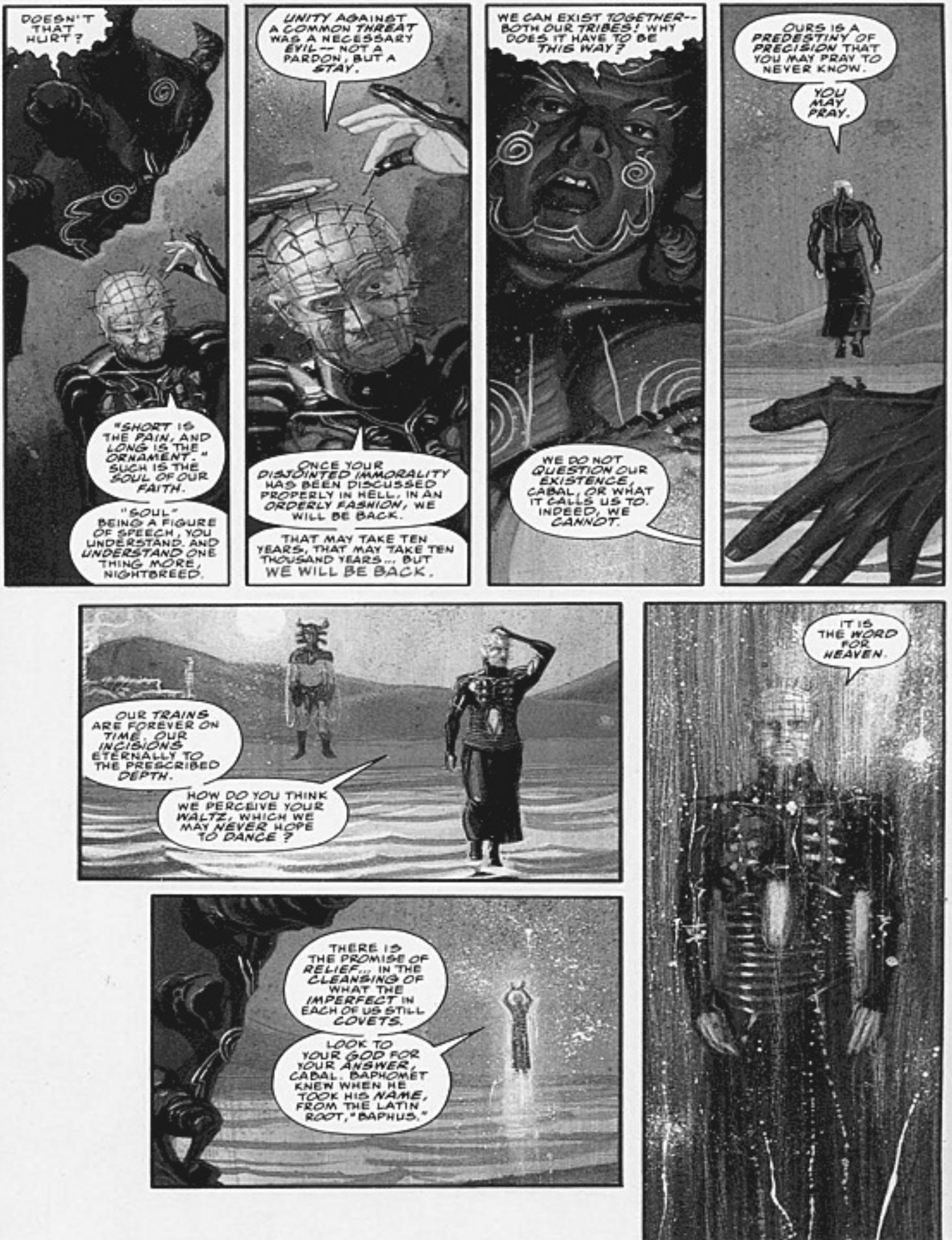
GALLG
WHAT-- WHAT'RE YOU--?!?
THERE'S NO LONGER TIME FOR THE DELICACIES OF AN OPERATION, WOMAN...
... SO I'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE DO WITH THE HANDS ON APPROACH!
TAKE IT, REACH UP THERE AND TAKE--
EASIER THAN I HOPED! SO WARM AND WET AND SLIPPERY AND--
GET OUT GET YOUR HAND OUT OF ME YOU GOD DAMN--
OLD SHIT'S PAID FOR HIS SINS--
SHRIP
--LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE ABOUT DUE!
TAKE IT--TAKE IT! IT KNOWS THE FLAVOR NOW OF ALL THREE!
IT WILL FIND THE POISONED CONCEPTION, NO MATTER HOW SMALL, NO MATTER...
HERE?
WHERE THE WATERS RUN TO UNFATHOMABLE DEPTHS, CABAL.
SPEAK THE IDIOM OF THE SACROSANCT, BAPHOMET--

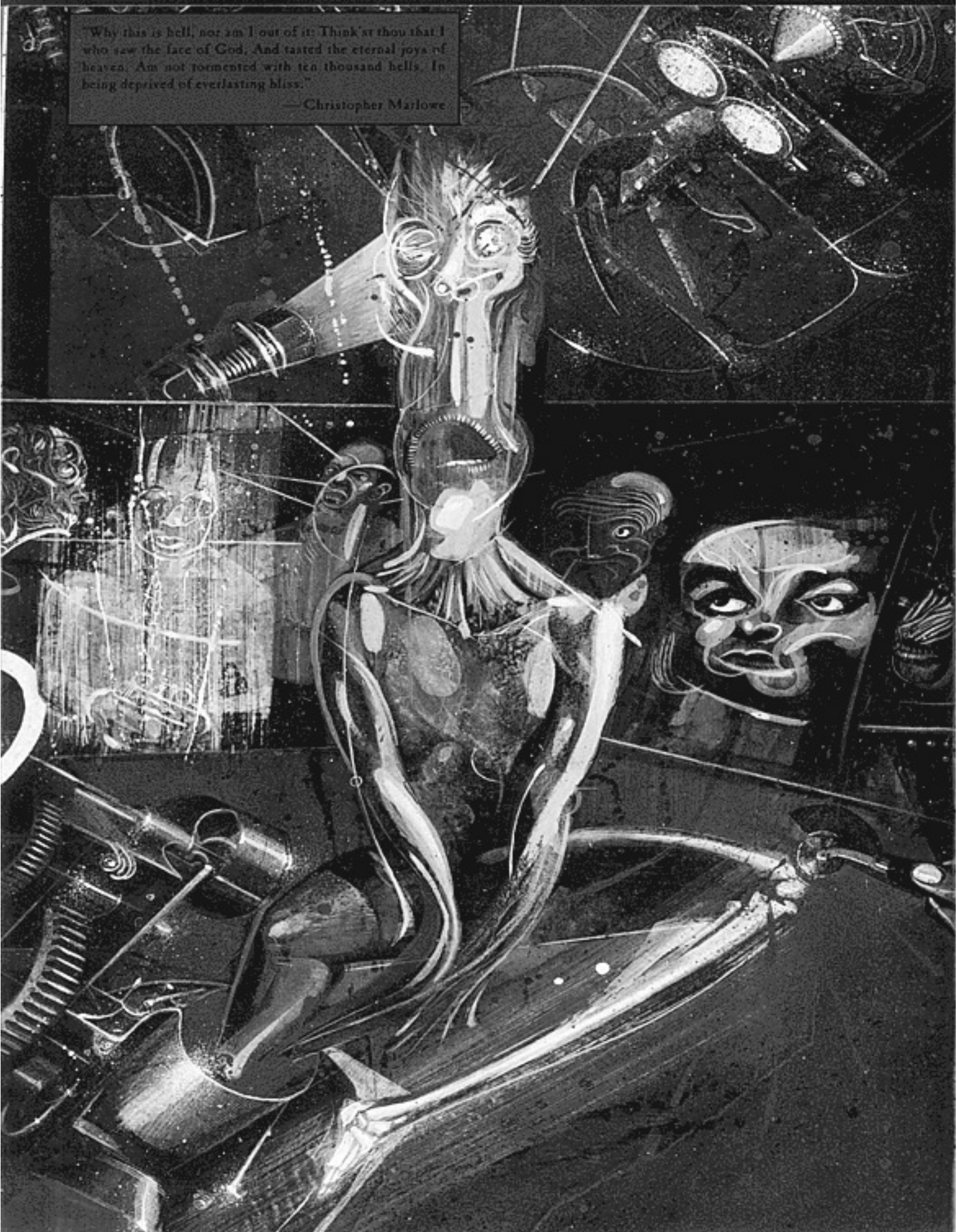
THRAKOOMM
--CALL TO YOUR FELLOW GODHEAD.
NO I DON'T WANNA GO BACK I DON'T--
KLANK
THE AGONY OF THE CHAINS FLARES WHITE-HOT IN OUR SKIN, BRETHREN!
THEY DRAG US TO RESTRUCTURING-- THEY REND SO THAT THEY MIGHT REDEEM!
KLIKLANKK
DON'T-- DON'T DO THIS--STOP IT YOU GET OUT OF--
HURRY! REACH DEEPER! DEEPER!
ALMOST THERE--MY LOVE! ALMOST--YES!
I'VE GOT IT I'VE GOT THE BODY AND BLOOD--

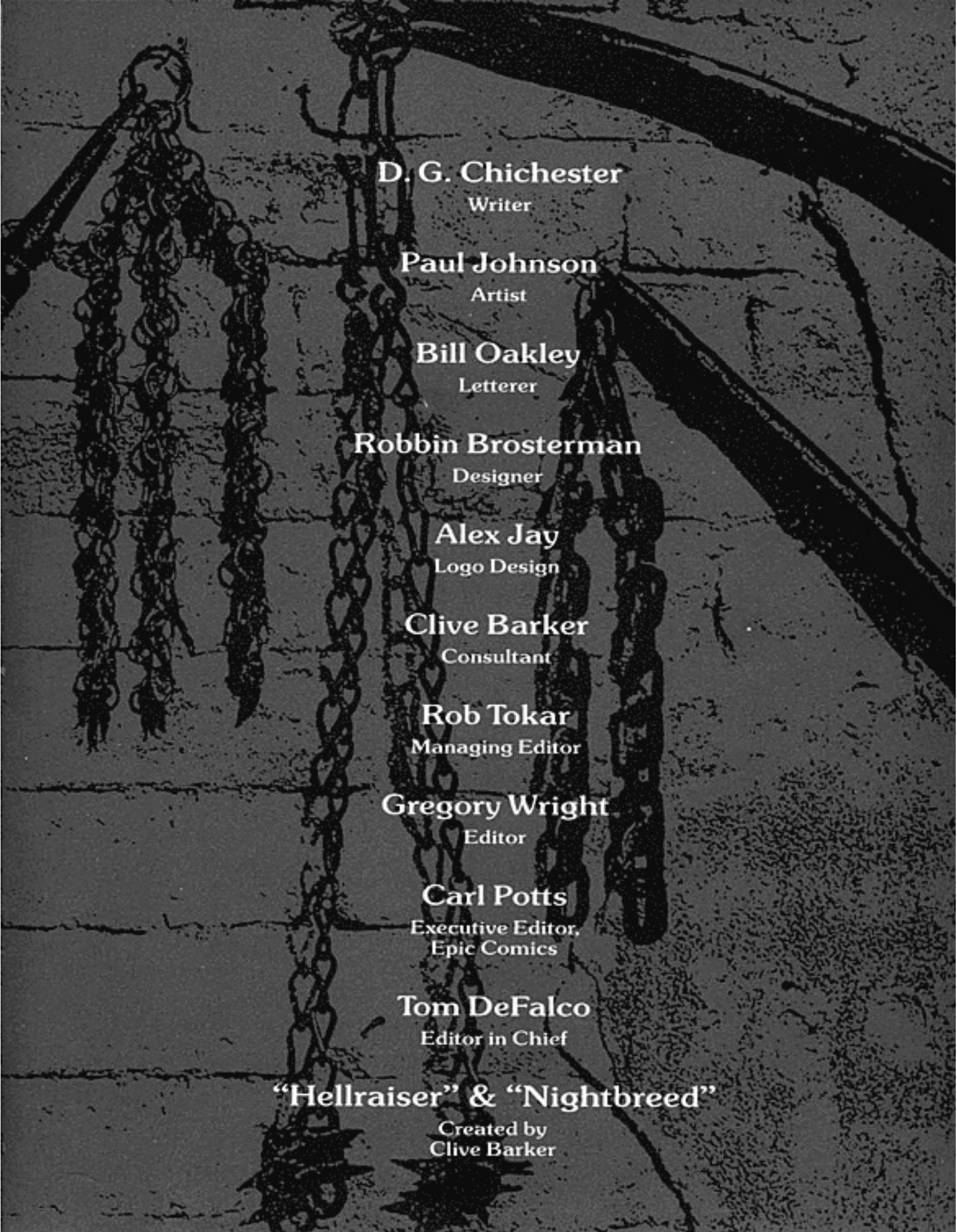
--AMEN ?!?
"PREPARE YOURSELF NIGHTBREED."
FORGIVE ME.
"BEFORE THIS IS OVER, THERE WILL BE SACRIFICES MADE..."
THWK
MY HAND MY HAND IT'S STUCK INSIDE I CAN'T GET IT OUT MY HAND--
DON'T GIVE ME THE CHANCE ...COME BACK, COME BACK TO ME, PLEASE COME BACK...
GONNA... GONNA MISS ME...?
KRAAAWWW!
GET AWAY GET AWAY FROM HER DON'T TOUCH HER!

KRAKADOOM
YOU TOOK ME AWAY, PELOQUIN... SHOWED ME THE RED... SO WARM AND SWEET...
YOU WERE SO WARM AND SWEET...
PATS, DON'T--!
PATTY...
ALASTOR AND CHALKIS, YOUR SACRILEGE AGAINST ORDER HAS CONDEMNED YOU UNWORTHY TO SERVE IN THE LEGIONS OF HELL.
YOU HAVE BEEN STRIPPED OF RANK.
ALASTOR? ALASTOR, MY LOVE, LOOK!
WE'RE FREE, CHALKIS! AFTER ETERNITY, FREE!
BRING YOUR LIPS ON MINE, OH, IT'S BEEN SO LONG!
OUR LIVES OURS AGAIN TO LIVE TO LOVE, TO--
PELOQUIN, MY SON-BROTHER! ALL GODS DEMAND TRIBUTE IN EXCHANGE FOR THEIR BOONS...
...AND THIS ONE SHARES YOUR GRIEF IN THE OFFERING YOU WERE FORCED TO MAKE FOR ALL THE TRIBES OF THE MOON!
ACCEPT THIS SMALL BLESSING IN RETURN FOR YOUR LABORS. HERE, IN THIS PLACE AT THIS TIME, A RESCINDING OF THE LAW OF MEAT...

"... RELISH THE TASTE OF HUMAN FLESH, MY SON."
ALASTOR GET IT AWAY GET HIM--
"YOUR CONFEDERATE WITH THE TEETH WILL BE RELEASED TO YOU, CENOBITE."
"NO NEED. MY LORD LEVIATHAN HAS ALREADY ARRANGED FOR HIS RETURN."
AND THE OTHER TWO?
LET THE CARRION PICK AT WHAT YOUR PELOQUIN DID NOT FINISH OFF. LET THE SUN BLEACH THEIR BONES.
I CAN THINK OF NO MORE IGNOMINOUS OR FITTING END.
WHAT BECOMES OF THE KNIGHT?
de MOLAY FINALLY REALIZED HIS CONFIGURATION. AVERNUS' CURRENTS WILL CARRY HIM BELOW TO HIS REWARD OF EVERLASTING TORMENT.
WE'RE QUITE CAPABLE OF PERFORMING OUR OWN MIRACLES, THANK YOU.
AS YOU WILL.
YOU ARE WELCOME TO MAKE THE TRIP AS WELL, IF ONLY TO EFFECT A SEPARATION OF YOUR TWO HALVES.
OUR EXPERIENCE IN SUCH MATTERS IS QUITE... EXTENSIVE.


DOESN'T THAT HURT?
"SHORT IS THE PAIN, AND LONG IS THE ORNAMENT." SUCH IS THE SOUL OF OUR FAITH.
"SOUL" BEING A FIGURE OF SPEECH, YOU UNDERSTAND. AND UNDERSTAND ONE THING MORE, NIGHTBREED.
UNITY AGAINST A COMMON THREAT WAS A NECESSARY EVIL -- NOT A PARDON, BUT A STAY.
ONCE YOUR DISJOINTED IMMORALITY HAS BEEN DISCUSSED PROPERLY IN HELL, IN AN ORDERLY FASHION, WE WILL BE BACK.
THAT MAY TAKE TEN YEARS, THAT MAY TAKE TEN THOUSAND YEARS... BUT WE WILL BE BACK.
WE CAN EXIST TOGETHER-- BOTH OUR TRIBES! WHY DOES IT HAVE TO BE THIS WAY?
WE DO NOT QUESTION OUR EXISTENCE, CABAL, OR WHAT IT CALLS US TO. INDEED, WE CANNOT.
OURS IS A PREDESTINY OF PRECISION THAT YOU MAY PRAY TO NEVER KNOW.
YOU MAY PRAY.
OUR TRAINS ARE FOREVER ON TIME, OUR INCISIONS ETERNALLY TO THE PRESCRIBED DEPTH.
HOW DO YOU THINK WE PERCEIVE YOUR WALTZ, WHICH WE MAY NEVER HOPE TO DANCE?
THERE IS THE PROMISE OF RELIEF... IN THE CLEANSING OF WHAT THE IMPERFECT IN EACH OF US STILL COVETS.
LOOK TO YOUR GOD FOR YOUR ANSWER, CABAL. BAPHOMET KNEW WHEN HE TOOK HIS NAME, FROM THE LATIN ROOT, "BAPHUS."
IT IS THE WORD FOR HEAVEN.


"Why this is hell, nor am I out of it: Think'st thou that I who saw the face of God, And tasted the eternal joys of heaven, Am not tormented with ten thousand hells, In being deprived of everlasting bliss."
—Christopher Marlowe



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